

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mic-Nificent"

*[Canibus]*

Yo, sittin on chrome, sittin on low pro 20 inch firestones  
Grippin the road with the wickedest flow, 'Bis is a pro  
I zigzag throughout sly loam  
Accelerate and decelerate in and out the cones  
Poisonous poems travel through walkman headphones  
Into your dome Osteoperosis your bones,  
Who's the nicest nigga you know in the year two triple-oh  
Spit turn to icicles in the mid air and slit your throat  
Drain your carcass dry rip out your heart bitch  
I write rhymes using your blood for my ink cartridges  
Paleoanthropologists, polish the bones  
of rapper artist after I dip in my hydrochloric waters  
Canibus, with the seams burstin, perfect  
Everyday the earth spins I write verses  
My soul purpose as a verbalist, is to make my words twist  
and connect like letters when they're in cursive

*[Chorus: x4]*

I'll pray on them, spray on them  
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

*[Canibus]*

Yo, Yo, I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert  
In twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen  
With thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest 'em  
And fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines  
So ask yourself a question - can the Canibus rhyme?  
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?  
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?  
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind  
My rhymes, confuse niggas like somebody try to gang-bang  
wearin a blue shirt and red pants,  
throwin up signs with their left hand  
Standin out on the corner of wetlands  
with a confederate flag for a headband  
God dam eggplants, niggas gettin me vexed man  
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav  
and I can't seem to get away from it  
I dreamed that I stabbed Leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it  
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that  
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin  
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried  
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine  
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying  
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line  
Why the art of emceein is steady dyin

That nigga Canibus is still in his prime, bust a rhyme

*[Chorus: x4]*

I'll pray on them, spray on them  
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

*[Canibus]*

Club Dodge, I wrecked that  
Limelight, cursed that  
Envy, I murdered that  
Club SoHo, never heard of that  
Wetlands, dried it up  
Cheaters, decided to club, fired up  
looking for a chicken to tie up  
Club New York, I heard it's hot there  
beats be rocking there  
Too many niggaz be getting stabbed and shot there  
Speed, I slowed it down  
The Tunnel, they hold it down  
Home of the underground, why they always close it down  
Century club, the hot shit  
House of Blues, I rocked it  
One twelve ATL, that's the Dirty South bomb shit  
Synagogue, yeah I be there  
Caribbean City, roll deep there  
Lyricist Lounge, they be some real emcees there  
there there *[fades out]*